

CONCERNING HOSPITALITY.

Points to be Observed in Entertaining Guests.

There is very little of the old-time hospitality at the present day, unless we except people who live in the country and on farms, who are generally more hospitable than city people think it possible to be. The high rent of city apartments and houses, the small size and scarcity of the rooms, have a great deal to do with this. Where families of six are living in flats of seven or eight rooms, having company, no matter how fond one may be of entertaining, becomes a difficult matter which it takes a big heart and a deal of planning to compress. Now, since so many of us who live in the city are debarred from receiving our friends, let us have some pity on the friends whom we visit in their country home and remember that even in the country they do not entertain guests except at the expense of much labor and outlay of energies.

It is possible to make one's self a welcome visitor, but to do this requires a degree of unselfishness and adaptability that some of us do not possess. If you are visiting where there is an insufficiency of servants, or where none at all are kept, good taste requires that you make as little extra work and trouble as possible. Care for your own room. By no means let any of your soiled linen go into the family wash. In a quiet, unobtrusive way perform little helpful tasks for your hostess, so that your presence shall be a delight instead of a burden. You can lay the table, dust the parlor, help with the weekly darning or mending. You can even send her off for a day's outing with her husband while you take her place in the house. If you can not, or are unwilling to do this, then never visit a country friend who has no servant. As a child I used to feel outraged at the coolness with which my delicate mother was allowed and expected to work for and entertain city friends who never by any chance expressed a wish for a return visit. The work of entertaining falls much more heavily on the wife than on the husband, and a man who is naturally hospitable will often permit his wife to receive more visitors than she is able to care for without overworking herself. If you find that your friend is doing this, though her welcome be never so earnest, shorten your visit.

We, who are visited, have our duties also. During the first days of my married life I resolved that I would never entertain anyone from compulsion, or because they expected it. All my life we had received visitors who had no claim of relationship, scarcely of acquaintance, on us, merely because they liked to have a place to visit in the country where there was plenty of fruit and where horses and carriages were kept. Some of these people were often the greatest annoyance to us, and yet they were endured because it would be "so inhospitable" to show them that they were unwelcome.

It is dishonest to invite anyone who is not heartily welcome, and it is equally dishonest to try to keep up a show of welcome that you do not feel. But, having once decided that a visit from our friend will be of mutual benefit and pleasure let us take him into our family as one of ourselves. Do not let us add to the cost or trouble or daily living to such an extent that he will feel himself to be a burden. This will be neither for his happiness nor for yours. On the other hand, having invited him, we are bound to make some little concessions to his comfort and enjoyment. A lady once pressed a friend and his wife to come and make her an extended visit. She would take no denial. They were to come and make themselves "exactly at home." The invited guest was a confirmed dyspeptic, which the lady knew before asking him to pay her a visit, and yet, on the first morning they came down to a breakfast of fried mackerel. Naturally he ate none, at which she expressed great surprise. The next morning there was fried mackerel, the next fried ham, and so changes were run on ham and mackerel through the visit, which lasted only until some plausible excuse could be found for shortening their stay. This is making your friend "at home" with a vengeance. We should either not invite a guest or we should be able to make some little concessions for his comfort. The courtesy of finding out his likes and dislikes in regard to food and the temperature of his room is one which we should willingly pay. An invited guest should not be asked to conform to an unreasonable early breakfast hour, while he should be left perfectly free to dine with the family if he preferred. The true and ideal host is one who can entertain her guest and yet give him the idea that both his movements and her own are perfectly free and unrestrained.—American Agriculturist.

A Thriving Place.

An up-country gentleman was riding along on the cars with his daughter, and as they passed through a railroad yard at a station of large dimensions the old gent was noticed to be closely remarking certain signs and omens in white letter on the sides of freight cars. Suddenly turning to the young lady he launched this utterance into her astonished ear: "Great place, this Capa City. See it put down at 40,000. Must be on the boom, that town." "Why, where do you see that?" said the young lady inquiringly. "Why, there it is," triumphantly pointing to a car on a siding, and the merry peal of laughter proved infectious, for she read: "Capacity 40,000."—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

An ingenious lady living in the suburbs of this town has hit upon a method of speeding such party guests as must be off by a particular train. She had long been pained by that last half hour of nervous suspense and futile consultation of watches, so she hit upon the idea of employing an alarm clock set at such an hour as to leave ample time for adieu and yet make certain that no one missed the train.—N. Y. Sun.

STRUCK A BONANZA.

Story of Prospecting in the Early Days of Mining in New Mexico.

No one ever heard of a bonanza that was discovered in a plain, matter-of-fact way. A mine which is rich enough to have stories told about it is always stumbled on in the most unexpected manner, and not unusually there is a bit of the weird and uncanny thrown in to give additional interest to the narration. Thus a writer relates how, in the summer of 1867, while he was looking for a stray horse in the famous San Juan county, in New Mexico, he stumbled upon one of the richest mines ever found in that territory. His story is as follows:

"Descending one of the lofty peaks I was soon inclosed in a beautiful canyon which led out to Ute creek. There met two miners preparing to explore an old mine, or rather a worked-out mine. They asked me to join them, to which I assented and started with them to explore the mine. This mine was about two miles away and soon we were there. Arrived at the mine, and judging from the dump of country rock piled up, it was either a very rich mine or no mine at all. No signs of ore were on the outside dump. An open cut was at an incline of forty-five degrees.

"We entered and were soon in what one would suppose to be a cave. Candles were lighted and a general search followed. The formation was porphyry, and, judging from the gouging done, it was apparent that great quantities of precious metal had been taken out. There were no timbers, and the only support was one large pillar left in about the center of the workings, about four feet in diameter at the center, making the outlook very dangerous. I was about to get out on account of a few pieces of wall-rock giving way from the pillar, when I was called back by one of the miners. He had discovered a streak of solid gold running through the center of the pillar and about two inches thick. At this time I retraced my steps, and there, with candle in trembling hands, stood two excited men pointing out the pure yellow gold. For a moment I was unable to speak. One of the miners said to me: 'Well, don't you see it?'

"Yes," said I, pointing to the ceiling, "and don't you see the trap set for us?"

"Curse the trap. This is death against gold." Meanwhile I had fingered around the gold, when part of the pillar gave way, extinguishing the lights. We found our way out safely, and then we planned to get the pillar without jeopardizing our lives. I declined having anything to do with the affair unless I could get an outside job. This, of course, was out of the question, as there was only one sack of ore to be removed. So I was considered out of it, which I was only too glad to accept. My companions then entered with a horn spoon and a small pole-pick and were soon at work. Shortly they came out, and picking up an old coffee sack used for a saddle blanket, re-entered the mine. They were very soon out again. They had cut the pillar and filled their sack. Then came a grand handshaking on their success. The sack was opened. Never in my life did I behold such a sight. A coffee sack full of nuggets!

"I was told to pick out the finest specimens for my own use, which I did. It was a piece as large as my fist and contained \$150 in gold. Camp was made, a matate procured and grinding at once commenced. It took six days to reduce it to a pulp, the grinding being done by hand. Then the pulp was washed out in a prospecting pan. The gold was mostly coarse and very bright. The fine gold required amalgamating. There being no quicksilver the remaining pulp was taken to Taos and there amalgamated. The proceeds of that sack of ore netted 937 ounces of gold, amounting to \$15,000 in coin.

"I returned to Santa Fe a month later and learned that a great mining discovery had been made at the identical spot where we had found the gold."—Tucson Citizen.

A MATRON TO MAIDENS.

Quiet Whispers in Girls' Ears About Love and Matrimony.

Girls, don't think that every young man who calls upon you once or twice is in love with you.

Don't think because you are prettier than your neighbor across the way and have prettier gowns that it is right to try to flirt from your front stoop with her beau when he calls upon her.

Don't astonish your friends and acquaintances with magnificent gowns, while your mother wears cheap bombazine and a cloak and bonnet that everyone can see have done at least five years' service.

Don't show up lily-white taper fingers if hers are seamed with work.

Don't be always drumming on the piano when your visitors call.

Don't expect that a man's intentions are sincere until he informs you in plain English that they are.

Don't hint to a man that you like him and that he is your ideal, and that you wouldn't mind leaving the state of single-blessedness if "Barkis is willin'."

Don't make yourself obnoxious by appearing persistently at places you know to be his usual haunts until the young man has a fear in turning each street corner he comes to lest he will meet you.

Don't accept your wedding outfit from the hands of your lover.—Young Ladies' Bazar.

In the early part of this century an English artist named Holland came to this country and painted water-color landscapes prolifically. A few examples are still in existence, and show the old method of shading the entire painting with India ink first, and then going over the whole with faint tints of blue for sky and green for trees and brown for foreground. In some families in this country there are specimens of the grandmother's flower-painting done in this old method, but influenced by the brilliancy of American skies and foliage.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The average salary of the mistresses in the London board schools is \$950.

—The Salvation army holds about 50,000 meetings every week in different parts of the world.

—The Cumberland Presbyterian church in Indiana has forty congregations, with about 5,000 members.

—Mrs. Leland Stanford has purchased 150 handsomely bound Bibles to go in the students' rooms at the Palo Alto university.

—The accommodations of the Vatican may be imagined when the pope put 2,200 beds in it at the disposal of the French pilgrims, free of charge.

—In North Warren, Me., weekly prayer meetings have been held uninterruptedly for seventy years, without help of any minister, except for an occasional lecture.

—Miss Sophie B. Wright, of New Orleans, teaches free of charge a night school for working men and boys. This school numbers some fifty men and boys whose daily labors debar them from attending day schools.

—The youngest college-president record is believed to have been broken by the university of Utah, at Ogden, which has elected as its president a brother of Congressman Dolliver, of Iowa. He is twenty-four; salary, \$5,000.

—Something new in school-book literature appeared a short time ago in Berlin. It is a sycophant's history of Germany, which begins with the reign of Emperor William II. as the most important period in German affairs, and backs down to Frederick the Great and other predecessors of the present sovereign.

—The Women Servants' Home Society is the name of a Christian organization in London, which shelters female help from the perils that infest the interval between leaving one place and securing another. Of the 240,000 female domestics in that great city, 10,000 are always seeking employment. A great field for practical philanthropy.—Western Christian Advocate.

—The Savoyarde is the name of the bell offered to the church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre by the town of Annecy, where it was cast. It is said to weigh 25,000 kilos, exceeding that of the famous Kaiser bell of Cologne by 1,500 kilos. It is true that it is only one-fourth as heavy as that of Moscow, but it is also true that the latter has never been suspended.—Revue des Revues.

—The Baptist Missionary Union sends out this year the largest number of missionaries ever sent in a single year. Forty-four of the sixty are newly appointed. The largest band—eighteen—go to Burma, that field where Baptist effort has been so greatly blessed from the beginning. Ten go to Telugus of India, eight to Assam, and the remainder are scattered in China, Japan and Africa.

—The Brooklyn Young Women's Christian association, although but three years old, has over 2,200 members, 1,000 of whom are associates, 800 sustaining and 400 acting. Classes in practical and educational work are established and largely patronized. A fine lot and nearly \$200,000 have been given by various benevolent people of the city, to provide a suitable home for the association, the latter sum including a gift of \$125,000 from Mr. C. D. Woods, in memory of his wife, who was one of the organizers of this good work.

UNCLE ALLEN TALKS.

He Has Seen Young People Walking in a Way He Doesn't Like.

My boy, in your walks about town have you ever happened to notice some young man with the inner angle of his elbow applied to the outer angle of some young woman's elbow in such a way that he seems to shoulder her along as they walk?

There are young men who don't know any better than to do this, whose entire brains, my boy, if mixed with a little sugar and the proper quantity of the third decimal tincture of something or other, would only make a small-sized and perfectly harmless homeopathic pill.

Nobody but a beetle-headed ead, my boy, will ever elbow a lady along a public thoroughfare or anywhere else.

There are as many ways of showing one's self to be a donkey as there are ways of being one, but no donkey, my boy, is quite so unanimous and comprehensive a donkey as the half-baked human who escorts an unfortunate woman along a public highway by gluing his elbow to the back of hers and talking over her shoulder into her face.

As to the young woman who will permit a miraculous ass of this description to pay her such attentions, my boy, and even seem to relish them, as some do, I have no available adjectives to describe my pity for her.—Chicago Tribune.

Seeing a Friend.

"Where have you been, Mr. Duly?" asked Mrs. Duly, as her husband plowed his way to his seat beside her in the theater.

"Been out to see a friend."

"Does your friend keep a distillery?"

"No," replied Duly, placing his hand to his mouth.

"Does he keep a cigar store?"

"Not that I know of."

"Maybe he is a school-teacher and carries chalk around with him."

Duly brushed a dash of billiard chalk off his clothes and said nothing.

"Or does he run a spice-mill?"

"Be still, can't you, Maria?" said Duly, in desperation. "The curtain is going up."

But he didn't leave her again during the evening.—Wasp.

Home-Made Proverbs.

A mule is no coward when he takes to his heels.

Silence is golden, but not when you shake your pocket.

When thou shootest, aim at the mark and lay the blame on the gun.

He that walketh from the stern of the vessel to the bow, to hurry the voyage, gains but little time.—Kate Field's Washington.

Save Health and Money.

Mrs. Cobblestone—My dear, the doctor says my health will improve by change of air.

Mr. C.—What kind of a change?

"He says I must live at a higher altitude."

"There's sense in that, and we can save a heap of money besides."

"Save money?"

"Of course. Here we're paying ninety dollars a month for this third floor flat when we can get the sixteenth floor for thirty."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Dubious Situation.

Rev. Joseph Gravely (giving his views on the evils of card-playing during a pastoral call)—As I was saying, I am in doubt—

Parrot (interrupting eagerly)—When you are in doubt, pray, trump! (And no member of that family has been able to account for the parrot's utterance to the satisfaction of the pastor).—Kate Field's Washington.

Noble.

"That was a sacrifice."

"What?"

"Barton wouldn't go bathing at Seabright because he didn't want people to know he had a cork leg; but when a girl who'd snubbed him was thought to be drowning Barton took the leg off and threw it out to her. It saved her life."—Judge.

A Reasonable Request.

Voice from Doorway—Mary! what are you doing out there?

Mary—I'm looking at the moon.

Voice from Doorway—Well, tell the moon to go home, and you come into the house. It's half-past eleven.—Life.

A Narrow Escape.

"Did you ever deliver an after-dinner speech?"

"No. I came pretty near it, though."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, the dinner was indefinitely postponed."—Judge.

Violent Exercise.

Mrs. Fogg—What in the world are you doing with that dress of mine?

Mr. F.—Only hunting for the pocket.

The doctor said I needed exercise; but I'm afraid this is rather too violent.—Boston Transcript.

The Secret Out.

Hartman—Do you think your sister likes to have me come here so much?

Effie—Oh! yes. She says she does; for if you didn't come, she wouldn't have anyone to make Mr. Welloff jealous.—Once a Week.

USELESS CORRECTION.



Violet—Can glass eyes cry?

Mother—No, certainly not.

Violet (regretfully)—Then it's no use spanking Dolly any more. I can't tell whether it hurts her or not.—Golden Days.

On the Wheel.

First Bicyclist—Here comes a woman with a baby carriage. I wonder if she'll turn out enough to let us pass or whether we'll have to get down and walk.

Second Bicyclist—If it's pushed by a nurse she'll give us room. If it's pushed by the mother she'll want the whole road.—Good News.

A Generous Offer.

Playwright—In this scene the starving baby is rescued from the hands of the blood-thirsty villain.

Manager (doubtfully)—But where can we get a baby to impersonate the part?

Playwright (eagerly)—You can have mine.—Life.

Rose to the Occasion.

Upson Downes—Last evening I was introduced to a girl worth three millions.

Rowne de Bout—Great Caesar! What did you do?

Upson Downes—I asked her if she believed in "love at first sight."—Puck.

"Is Dinner Ready?"

A bright little tot, who was impatient for her dinner, kept running to the dining-room to see if the table was spread; at last she rushed back jubilant, saying: "The water is in the pitcher now, mamma, and let's go in and begin on that."—Harper's Young People.

City Sportsmen Not Admitted. City Sportsman (sadly)—I see you have "No Trespass" signs all over your property. Why are you so afraid of having a few old rabbits shot?

Experienced Farmer—Oh, it ain't th' rabbits I'm skeert about. It's th' crows.—Good News.

Too Mild a Description.

Gaspar Griggs—That's a pretty loud pair of trousers, Howell.

Howell Gibbon—Ah—ya-as; it is a wather pronounced pattern.

Gaspar Griggs—Pronounced? Why, dear boy, it shouted!—Puck.

A Proverb Reversed.

Raggs—It isn't always the coat that makes the man.

Jaggs—No; if the man happens to be a tailor it is the man who makes the coat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Patrick at the Gate.

He (persuasively, over the arena gate)—Come along out for a moonlight stroll with me, Biddy. We don't get after havin' a night lookie this ivery day!—Life.

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Mayor's Court.

Mayor Evans had a long docket yesterday morning, but the cases were disposed of in a short time. One negro was fined \$25 for throwing a dead horse in the city limits. A small negro boy named Henry Thomas was arrested for being in Hutmacher's hen-house. C. Hutmacher was present and testified that he heard the chickens squall, and going out found the boy in the hen-house with a rope in his hand. Two other boys ran off. The young thief was held until the other two could be captured.

Who Should Attend to This?

The condition of Campbell street at the market house should certainly receive the attention of the city officials. During market hours, and in fact all day long, this street is lumbered up with old wagons and stands of all sizes and shapes. After market is over each day some of these things are piled up on the street and occupy the space on the south side of the street. This is clearly in violation of the law.

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